

WILL IT CONTRIBUTE TO THE GENERAL WELFARE OF METHODISM?

There seems to be a very determined purpose on the part of many influential persons in the Methodist churches, North and South, to stamp out of existence the original doctrines of Methodism.

If our Sunday School literature, conference organs and magazines are inculcating and instilling into the minds of our people the great doctrines of human depravity, the necessity of the new birth, the witness of the Spirit, the sanctification of the heart, and the holy life, so that these great truths are getting a powerful hold upon the brain and conscience of the rising generation, we have failed to note the fact.

On the other hand, the drift seems to be entirely in the other direction, and if the drift continue it will not be long until we will have a Methodist population on the earth who not only do not believe the old Methodist doctrines, but will have a strong prejudice against them.

Without doubt there is a strong current in our Methodisms away from the Bible toward the theories and vagaries of destructive criticism. There is a strong drift from discipline to indifference; from holiness to worldliness; from the altar of prayer and class meeting to the picture show and the ball-room. We are coming to a place in our Methodist families where we have not a definite message for the people, a clearly defined system of doctrines in which our young people are rooted and grounded, and our older people are established and ripened in faith and experience.

It seems that quite a number of presiding elders, North and South, are putting forth special effort to set aside and trample out of existence the Methodist teaching on the subject of Christian holiness. Numbers of letters have come to me during the past year from preachers in great distress who have been ordered not to preach the "second blessing." That is, they must not teach that sin remains in the regenerated heart, that the "prone to wander" draws the young convert back toward the world. They must not preach that there is a gracious, instantaneous baptism with the Holy Ghost, purging with divine fire the hearts of believers and freeing them from the carnal nature. Men who oppose the "second blessing," as they call it, you may be sure will not urge upon the people the promise of the Father, the baptism of the Spirit, the importance of "a heart from sin set free."

It is enough to arouse the righteous indignation of an honest man for a presiding elder to go about the country, asking his little round of questions and using his influence to quench the desires in the people's hearts for the cleansing baptism of the Spirit of God, and ordering preachers not to tell the wonderful story of full salvation which brought Methodism into existence.

Such men are a great hurt to Methodism. They pollute the fountain out of which flowed the truth that brought her into existence and gives her refreshing and life. It would be far better for the church to retire such men from the active ministry and pay them a salary. They are traitors to the Christ whose blood cleanses from all sin, and the true sons and daughters of Wesley who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Besides, we object to a well-fed official going about and dictating to preachers what they shall preach, especially when they are impelled of the Holy Ghost to cry out to the people,

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." If these same presiding elders preached on these subjects with the intelligence and fervor of the old-time Methodists, the quarterly conferences would be looked forward to with eagerness, and would be times of great refreshing and grace.

Pity the cowardly preacher who would quench the fires of God in his soul, and bow his head in obedience to the dictations of a strutting ecclesiastic, whose ministry is remarkable for its dryness and fruitlessness. May the Spirit of God stir up his servants to suffer if need be, for Christ. If such men will live upon their faces they may suffer, but God will make them a flame of fire and will rebuke and call to judgment the pitiful creatures who seek to interfere with their consciences and dictate what they shall preach.

If our call to the evangelistic work was not so definite and our leading so clear, we would like to be pastor long enough to have some one of these little ecclesiastical tyrants tell us what we should and should not preach. It would be a real joy to defy such tyranny to its face and to cry out in such carnal presence "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

If the men in Methodism who are fighting the old doctrines, ridiculing the old truths, and opposing the old experiences which once thrilled the Methodist souls with joy and fire, think that they are contributing to the growth of Methodism, to the devotion and zeal of its membership, to the erecting of family altars and the strengthening of the people to resist the tide of worldliness and unbelief that is sweeping in upon us, then the dullness of their minds is only equalled by the coldness of their hearts.

The mails bring to us from every direction the wails and pleadings of a people who are starving to death for the old teachings and experiences once so precious to our people. May the great God stir and arouse us with holy zeal and courage to preach to the people, with power sent down from heaven, the great truths of a full salvation.—*Rev. H. C. Morrison, Editorial Pentecostal Herald.*

THE STORY OF A GOLD EAGLE

The soul that casts its burden upon the Lord will be sustained, even though the billows may seem ready to overwhelm it. If the burden is not taken away, strength will be given sufficient to sustain it. The following story, though old, is yet a good illustration of this truth:

A good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash drawer a gold eagle. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there to make change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft.

"It is useless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with those new

clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employe was in earnest he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston, "and I can't produce her for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told anyone about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you can bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and yet unless he could produce it his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed were sadly against him. He went to work, however in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God to help prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him.

"When I arose from my knees," he said, telling the story years afterward. "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees again to give thanks for such deliverance I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought the letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat pocket. He had never put it in the cash drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*The Christian.*

WHAT THE CLOUDS BRING

An aged pair known for their contentment, affection and happy Christian lives, were asked as they spoke of the many joys that had been their portion, "Have you, then, had no clouds in your sky?" "Why, yes! Where else could all the blessed showers come from?"—*Selected.*

The power of the Gospel is operating upon Jewish hearts in Germany, and many have been baptized into the Christian faith.—*Sel.*